

It was a standoff thru February  
till one day his friends carried  
the body of Jeanne all the way back  
from Notre Dame  
from whence she had jumped in silence.

It took all the wind out of his  
arguments.

### Three Poets in the Dark

at Neuilly  
one with a blue pipe  
reciting Po Chi-I  
the others drinking white  
wine in chipped glasses  
with the aromatic  
smoke encircling them

three poets  
in a winter bar  
the snow piled up on the banks of the Seine  
in blue heaps  
speaking tonight of the Fauvists  
and the Chinese  
poets

Oh who would have these three  
but Paris? -- two Americans  
one North  
Vietnamese  
each having fled in terror  
from the extremes of wealth and order  
each without an  
audience  
in this city of art  
happy in poverty  
three in a room on squalid  
Rue St. Jacques

"They will pick at our things years from now,  
collecting our pneumatics and post cards," says the  
man with the blue pipe. "They will buy up  
our shirts and manuscripts and call us a  
movement," says the Vietnamese. "Who will survive  
to explain? Not me."

"I'll try," says the younger American eating  
almonds. They are solemn for a moment  
then burst into laughter. In the Metro cold  
touches their throats;



hats and faces  
coats and shoulders  
crowd them into the rumbling  
blackness  
and they are suddenly aware  
of Artaud  
's "art is shit."

#### Poem for a Girl on Ice

I saw you  
in the morning after drinking  
eggs and beer  
together  
with a little coffee  
resting on the lettuce  
in between the milk and cream  
cheese with the light out  
and the freezer melting a watery  
skin down your breasts and belly,  
holding two geraniums  
yr ear stuck to a grapefruit can.

When I put away the butter  
I remember seeing something  
in the late night  
coming in  
stumbling on the cat's bowl  
falling on the handle  
so the white door half opened  
to what I thought was hair  
along the egg shelf.

There was no note  
only a smile and the two  
geraniums  
both white  
and a nightgown of ice  
that dripped all night from the freezer  
compartment  
preserving all your lovely  
infidelities.

#### Phenomenological Photographs

##### 1.

A litter of pens  
matches, playing cards,  
a gray ash  
tray adorned with shells;  
cigarettes and coffee cups.